

## THE WIVES OF AMBASSADORS

"Must Suffer a Martyrdom of Etiquette,"

According to Mrs. Bartlett Tripp.

## ONE LONG, WEARY MONTH'S COACHING

Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard Rose at Daybreak to Have the English Court, Plumes Wired Into Her Head—Olga, of Greece, Very Gracious.

(Copyright, 1895, for The Times.)

It is not the ambassadors who go abroad to represent the dignity of their country who suffer most on account of the strict etiquette of foreign courts, but their wives who must bear the burden, not only of state etiquette, but that of drawing-room ceremonies as well. The ambassador's wife may or may not conform to little niceties so long as he pays attention to visits and matters of precedence, but the wife of the ambassador must conform to everything or be ostracized as completely as though she were Queen Lili of the Hawaiians.

When Mrs. Alexander, wife of Minister Ellen Alexander, went to Greece, she was congratulated by everybody because so gracious a Princess as Queen Olga awaited her. "You will feel perfectly at home with the Princess," assured a titled American woman who had visited in Greece. "For Olga has the most indescribably lovely manner I ever saw. She sold my husband and me at a flower basket, and was so sweet and captivating that he forgot she was a Queen, and began paying her compliments and selecting more flowers, until a lieutenant tapped him gently on the shoulder to remind him that he must not monopolize a Queen."

Thus reassured, Mrs. Alexander set sail for Greece, taking with her Miss Alexander.

MRS. BARTLETT TRIPP.  
(From a photograph by Pfeiffer, Vienna.)

der, and as a matter of necessity baggage, Minister Alexander also.

"I am not worrying about court etiquette," she remarked complacently several times, "but if I had that dreadful Elizabeth of Austria it would be different, with her uncertainty and pettishness, but Olga is always gentle and serene."

No sooner had the Alexander family been installed in their gray stone Legation in Athens than there arrived a woman to "coach" the last presentation at court. "I come, madam, by the express orders of the Queen, for Her Royal Majesty is most particular about all public functions; but if I am dilatory, I shall have you ready for presentation in a month's time."

"A month!" gasped Mrs. Alexander. "A whole month—what a lot I must have to learn."

Before two weeks were well over the wife of the minister had given up trying to be presented at a public drawing-room. Never very strong, she found it all she could do to receive the visiting nobility and keep up the small domestic customs without going through the awful ordeal of going to court. She pleaded ill health, and Queen Olga graciously consented to give her private audience. But some had to represent her at court—and into this breach Miss Alexander, a beautiful Southern-bred girl, quickly jumped. She practiced diligently and soon had her part letter-perfect.

But when it came the day for being presented the young lady was nervous, and as she wrote home afterwards, she found waiting in the ante-room was like standing on the brink of a grave, for failure to appear well would mean social death for her.

The ordeal was to advance with a series of salutations and at a word from the Princess bend low and plant a kiss upon the royal hand. It would be covered with jewels and on no account must these be pressed into the hand or the Queen be drawn from her rigidly upright position. Miss Alexander went over it mentally, all shivers, in the ante-room, and made up her mind that she could do it well.

## HE GRABBED THE QUEEN'S HAND.

The presentation before her was of an American, a gentleman from San Francisco, a man of wealth and good social position. Taking the arm of the outer court attendant he advanced into the room, bowed himself up to the throne, and receiving the royal inclination and bent low over the fair white hand. But here a dreadful thing happened. He was to kiss the hand gently, but instead of doing so, in sheer nervousness he gave a good old American smack that made the echoes resound. Everybody smiled a little and even the Princess had a twitching of the lips, while the proper trained of the court attendants lowered their heads and pretended to adjust their swords.

"Oh, what if I should do that?" shuddered Miss Alexander. But the courier was waiting for her, and up the room she swept. As she bent low everybody listened, but only the most dignified of salutations could be heard. "I nearly—nearly died. It would have killed you, surely, mamma," she said when she came home.

At this court the word of the Princess is law. At a dance held in the royal palace soon after this event the Queen bestowed her of the young officer, Lieut. Marler, who had done her a service a few days before. "Say to the Lieutenant that I wish to dance with him," she said to her attendants.

Delighted to carry good news to a handsome young man, the aide and gentleman hurried away to seek him. But

Lieut. Marler could not be found. He was discovered at last in the garden, supporting himself against a tree and groaning dismally. "I am deathly sick," said he, "my sick headache. My head and my stomach are chained together. Oh, I am so sick—so sick!"

"But the Princess has sent for you. She desires to dance with you," cried the ladies and gentlemen in waiting.

"It is impossible!" groaned poor Marler.

"But the word of the Princess is law." "Then I go, but may all the gods in Greece defend me!"

The prayer was sent aloft too late. Even the Princess noted the young man's pale face, but, attributing it to his embarrassment, swung smilingly with him into the dance. Once around they went in safety. Then the room reeled, and all grew black before Marler's eyes.

"Whopse, whopse!" groaned he, and the Jonah and the whale scene was enacted again. Queen Olga was rescued from the deluge and led to her rooms, surrounded by her ladies.

An hour later the moon rose over a garden scene in which the disgraced young man stood under a tree with a pistol in his hand, blowing out his brains, but a courier from the Queen bade him be of good cheer and continue to live. He put away the pistol, but to this day, although the Princess is as gracious as ever, not a girl in all Athens will entrust herself to his arms in the dance.

MRS. TRIPP "MANAGES" ELIZABETH.

Mrs. Bartlett Tripp has the unenviable task of calling upon Queen Elizabeth of Austria, and being received by that sovereign or turned away at will. It is just a year since the Queen emerged from her retirement after the death of her husband, and one of the first persons whom she consented to receive was the wife of the American Ambassador.

Mrs. Tripp is a born diplomat if ever there was one. She is a Wisconsin woman with charming manners, and has so long been in public life with various important relatives that she is perfectly at home in all circles. "I made up my mind that I would be natural and sympathetic with that poor Queen, woman and that I would please her and myself at the same time," she declared, "though of course I went through the month's martyrdom."

The etiquette of Austria requires the lady who has been presented to the Queen to back away from her out of the long drawing-room, all the time keeping her eyes fixed upon the throne. Her skirt in either case she must pay no attention to it, nor as much as glance at it to see if it is following all right. It takes a series of forty bows to land the lady out of the drawing-room into the ante-chamber, but she must make these forty without looking around once to steer herself straight.

Mrs. Tripp's gown on this occasion was a deep crimson velvet, with enough jets upon it to blind the eyes of the watching Queen, and gems handsomer than the crown jewels themselves. And in the midst of all was the woman's gracious presence. Her own pretty daughter Ethel was left at home on the first occasion, as she was too timid for the ordeal. Mrs. Tripp advanced, bowed deeply, hypnotizing the Queen with a long, slow look and backed out successfully.

Mrs. Bayard, condemned to London etiquette for four years, has the sympathy of everybody, although as wife of an Ambassador, instead of a mere Minister, matters are much simplified for her. She has not nearly as long to wait in the ante-chamber, and is not quite so worn out before the show begins. Besides this Queen Victoria had met her on previous private occasions, and had fancied her, which brought her in good favor with those who can make the drawing-room days easier.

MRS. BAYARD'S AVIARY PERILS.

But presentation at the English Court is never an easy thing. It is so bound around with purple braid and fastened with royal seals. The fashion of dress is a prescribed one, and is carefully explained by the Court Chamberlain weeks before the time must be just so long and the neck just so low. Then come the details of hairdressing. The coiffure must be high and in the top of it must stand the plumes in the most difficult thing about the presentation. Mrs. Bayard must stand as upright as life guardsmen, and be incapable of waver or wilt. In all England there is only one woman who can arrange these plumes, and she does it for all who appear at court. Her services must be engaged for weeks before, and to get around in time she begins at six o'clock in the morning and works out, going from house to house until almost the hour of presentation time.

On the day Mrs. Bayard was to be presented the hairdresser introduced herself at what seemed like daylight, and soon after her came the plume woman. "But Madame must put on her gown. Ah, yes, must be truly ready to present when the plumes are put on, to get the general effect."

As matters went to the stake showing their sufferings only in their tired eyes, so this fair American lady consented to be buckled into her gown, and to have the plumes put on at eight o'clock, and into the most difficult thing about the presentation. Mrs. Bayard must stand as upright as life guardsmen, and be incapable of waver or wilt. In all England there is only one woman who can arrange these plumes, and she does it for all who appear at court. Her services must be engaged for weeks before, and to get around in time she begins at six o'clock in the morning and works out, going from house to house until almost the hour of presentation time.



THE PLUME-WOMAN ARRIVES AT DAWN.

(Extract of letter from Mrs. Ambassador Bayard.)

place; then drawn beneath and fastened to the scalp in some invisible, awful way. But the feathers waved aloft in a becoming manner and nothing more could be desired for court day. When Mrs. Bayard bowed herself low before the Queen's chair and backed gracefully away, her Majesty smiled and reached out to pat the hand that had so prettily held hers a second. "But I could not forget how that awful plume woman arrived at dawn," wrote Mrs. Bayard home.

None of the American women now abroad are poor diplomats. One and all manage to please the Queens to whom they are sent abroad to bow low, and all

succeed in having pretty things written about them in the court dailies. But there have been cases where wives of American Ministers abroad have vetoed the whole business "silly" and "unladylike" and have even disclaimed to learn the "tomfoolery" of foreign etiquette. But it must be resorted to.



MISS ALEXANDER BEFORE OLGA OF GREECE.

constantly as a fact that in none of these cases has the diplomatic mission to that country been a thrilling success.

CONSTANCE MERRIFIELD.

Bloomers.

There were more bloomers out on bicycles in this city yesterday than ever before and never so conspicuous. The new bicycle is rapidly ceasing to be a public danger. New York Evening Sun.

It is only a reversal of conditions. The society girl wears bloomers on her bodice and the bicycle girl wears bloomers on her pants. The bicycle girl is the American.

"I don't for the life of me see how you can uphold bloomers," said the conservative man.

"I suppose not," said the bluff girl.

"The sunbathers' fad has been out of date more than two years," Indianapolis Journal.

The sensation bloomers had created in the city of New York, and the discussion of the bicycle girl, and the agitation is still going on. The silver question itself has been hoped by divided families, separated friends, and made sworn enemies that the new end-of-the-century theme—the bicycle bloomers—Baltimore American.

"Do you keep bloomers to rent?" she asked, as she sailed into a fashionable dressmaker's on Fulton street, yesterday. "No," said the polite saleswoman, "but we keep materials for repairing rents in bloomers. Have your ready, the 'bloomers' she was some—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Mother, may I go out to bike?" "Yes, my darling daughter."

But when you reach the Schuylkill pike don't tumble in the water.

For if you do you'll get a fall, With a melancholy thud, And then yourself, your bike, and all, Will be a wad of mud.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The bloomers or the knickerbockers of the lady bicyclist of the period present a neat and tasteful appearance. To say that the wearers look like men is undoubtedly nonsense. The men who say so themselves disprove the assertion by the very fact that they denounce them and stand on the street corners, as too many of them do, keeling and sneering at them as they pass. If they looked like men, these cheer and noisy fellows would not waste a minute looking at them.—New York Recorder.

## Fighting Grasshoppers.

DENVER, COLO., July 7.—Colorado farmers have struck a new industry that is akin to the great work of Pasteur. They are engaged in the propagation of grasshoppers to meet a demand from the Northwest. Recently ranchmen around Brighton and Greeley discovered the vast fields of 'hoppers had perished from some cause unknown. Some of the wisest of the farmers, having the cold fact and might to have their curiosity gratified by an opinion from the professors of the State Agricultural College. Prof. C. P. Gillette, State Entomologist, reported:

"I have just concluded a microscopic examination of the body fluids of the grasshoppers sent and find them literally covered with countless millions of minute bacilli. The bacilli are of the shape of a comma, and are very active. They are dying not from the attack of a parasite insect, but from a contagious disease caused by minute germs similar but not exactly like the germs that cause such diseases as cholera, typhoid, and tuberculosis in higher animals. It is possible the disease will destroy the greater number of 'hoppers in the country west of the Missouri river. It is doubtful if anything can be done to hasten or increase the spread of the disease."

Since the foregoing discovery the farmers of the Northwest have been informed of the natural eradicator and have been sending orders to the northern districts of Colorado for supplies of infected 'hoppers. Yesterday several boxcars of 'hoppers were sent out, and orders remain for all that can be supplied. The stock has been reduced so there is not a 'hopper left, and the farmers are now cultivating the pest, which they recently dreaded. As the young 'hoppers hatch out they are placed in a barrel lined with 'dead ancestors' and the infection is communicated to the young brood, which are then shipped North in a lively condition. Dead or alive on arrival at the destination does not affect the death-dealing qualities of the bacilli, for it gets in its work and quickly decimates entire counties and leaves the pest in a highly innocuous condition.—Chicago Tribune.

A Case in Point.

"Miss Harlow," said Dolliner, "I suppose you have seen the statement in this week's Gazette that we are engaged to be married?"

"Yes," said she. "I saw it."

"Well, I wish you to know that I had nothing to do with that announcement, and I have written this letter of denial."

"Oh, I wouldn't send it," she said, naively. "What is the use?"

"But it isn't true!"

"That is so; but it isn't impossible. Do you know that paper contains a great many valuable hints?"

And he took the hint.—Harper's Bazar.

## The Modern Daughter.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter," said the old-fashioned young man.

"All right," said the old gentleman.

"If I can get her permission to give you my permission, go ahead," Indianapolis Journal.

## BATHING IN SUMMER SAND.

A Beauty Fad That Has Taken Sharp Hold of All the Handsome Society Women.

THEY ORDER MUD-BATH COWNS, TOO.

The Young Woman Reported Engaged to Chauncey M. Depew, Its Most Ardent Follower—Sits in the Sand Two Hours.

The mud baths of Marienbad have slipped over to this country on a summer vacation. They have settled all along the coast, climbed up into the mountains and dropped down to the dunes, not forgetting to stop over at the country houses and the little by-places.

What does it all mean? Why, that the foreign idea of getting beauty from dirt has travelled to America and that the belles of summer have fastened upon it with their pretty hands and have adopted it as their own.

Travelling by boat up the Hudson the other day, from New York to Albany, past that wonderful settlement of millions of mud, I saw a young woman, elegantly dressed and of the most dignified demeanor, sitting upon the sand of the Hudson, idly reading a book, or gazing off into the water, or busy with a bit of fancy work, while by her side, neglected and unloved, was thrown the summer's parade and was flung the fan with which the sun and wind are kept at bay.

"What does it mean?" I asked of a merry miss aboard who had stepped into the boat at the Tarrytown landing. Why do these young women court freckles and sunburn, and why do they sit so uncomfortably along the beach instead of having a good time in the handsome pavilions and boat-houses?

"Have you not heard?" said she in surprise. "The Marienbad fad—the new bathing fad—that orders its devotees to sit two hours a day half buried in the sand. The sand gives the strength, they say, and the sun gives growth and development. The two give beauty."

DOCTOR DREW'S TWO GIRLS.

"Can you see those two young women upon the beach there?" chattered she, nodding towards the long low stretch of the river's bank which at times in this marvellous stream is so like the ocean beach. "Those are two sisters, one of whom is reported to be engaged to Chauncey M. Depew. They are the Misses Chandler, sisters of William A. Chandler and of John Armstrong Chandler, who married Annie Rivers. They are youthful spinsters, quite pretty, of wonderful taste in dress, and worth about \$500,000 apiece, as rumor goes. It is the talk here, and the fact is, that a lady had been secretly arranged, and she had resolved to tell this to Mrs. Carré with the hope that she might stop the hostile meeting. 'But what if it all about' asked the lawyer's wife. 'About my little establishment,' said she, half-angry Mm. Carré walked into the room

laundress so well. Its trimmings were satin, in folds upon waist and skirt, and the hat was a broad openwork with satin linings of ribbons all three, though I doubted not their gowns were as fine as summer dainties could suggest.

GIVING NERVES A BATH.

"What a very old fad!" I suggested to my river companion. "Not when you get used to it," she said, "and this summer you see it will not do in sandy ground. A sand-bath will not do in sandy ground, but let the ground be dry and yellow and there you are sure to see summer sand bathers."

"Is it pleasurable?"

"Oh, it is very healthful and beautiful, and further than that one does not look, you know."

We were passing the upper settlement of the Hudson, where the Astor estate of the Hudson, the Rockefeller, and both mingle with the Gould acres, which lie back for twenty miles in a stretch along the Catskill country and down toward the river came a place, beautiful and dignified, where two girls at a table, and their robes flew in front of them as though in the teeth of a gale. But they only laughed the more merrily. "We will leave you—be my mamma," one of them called to the windward, as she ran ahead to place an arbor chair in a cool, shady place, "and we will go down to—the shore!"

The mother's reply was inaudible, but as she nodded and smiled, she seemed to say: "Yes, you may go upon the beach."

My own dear, handsome daughter! Spread your gown on the sandy shore, But don't go near the water!"

HELEN WARD.

Beckedly Parisian.

PARIS, July 4.—Lawyers are ordinarily supposed to be cold-blooded and cautious, but M. Eugene Carré, the Paris advocate who shot himself this week in consequence of a domestic scene of exceptional vivacity, must have been otherwise constituted. While pleading in the divorce court the cause of a lady who was struggling to get out of the matrimonial cage he fell in love with her.

She was so moved to admiration by the eloquence of her advocate that she had hardly breathed the air of freedom again before she married him. She had a good fortune and he had a first-rate practice. They were both well calculated to shine in society by the brightness and Parisian tone of their conversation, and they became familiar and notable figures in literary and political salons.

Mme. Carré's appearance was remarkable. She was still young, but her hair had turned white. She looked like a youthful "marquise poudrée" of the last century. She received her friends twice a week, and on the afternoon of the tragedy her salon was as full as usual. At length she took leave of her last visitors. Among these was a lady who had called to see her privately. She was greatly agitated. She was the wife of a gentleman between whom and Maitre Carré a duel had been secretly arranged, and she had resolved to tell this to Mme. Carré with the hope that she might stop the hostile meeting. "But what if it all about" asked the lawyer's wife. "About my little establishment," said she, half-angry Mm. Carré walked into the room

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"But about their sand baths. They come down here every day at this time, and they are so much pleased with the beach, spread themselves out and take their siestas comfortably. The game is to sit as deep and as flat in the sand as possible without getting down where it is uncomfortable. Have your ready, the 'bloomers' she was some—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Mother, may I go out to bike?" "Yes, my darling daughter."

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## AN HOUR WITH LADY IRVING

A Correspondent Chats With Her in Her Pretty Cottage Off Pelham Road.

A TALL, SLENDER, SERIOUS, WOMAN.

She "Hates Publicity," and Will Never Visit America Except Under an Assumed name—Plays in Amateur Theatricals—Admires Sir Henry.

(Copyright, 1895, for The Times.)

LONDON, July 5.—When the Queen tapped Henry Irving on the shoulder, saying, "Arise, Sir Henry," she conferred a title upon more than the man who knelt before her; for, living snugly in London, in a very neat cottage, there is a Mrs. Henry Irving, a tall, slender, serious-faced woman, who must hereafter be known as "My Lady."

To Lady Irving's little cottage I bent my footsteps the other day in answer to a card which told me that I would find her at home and ready to see me that day at noon.

"My lady is tying up her rose bushes in the court yard," said a neatly dressed maid-servant, to whom I handed my card of appointment. The maid-servant was evidently on the lookout for me, for she stood at the entrance of the little "yard" looking toward the Pelham road, by which I came to be funeral in my call. Her ladyship is the shyest of individuals, among the least reliable when interviewed for a public purpose is conceded, and I expected disappointment. The card read "I shall be pleased to see you at 12," and as I handed it to the trim maid the clock within the house began her chiming of noon.

At the outer doorway, as the servant had said, stood her ladyship. I noticed that she allowed me to advance alone to her before she made a motion to bid me welcome, though she stood looking at me, as though taking note of me, all the time, with a branch of roses in her hand and one arm uplifted to twist the branch within the tulle.

"You want to talk to me," she asked, timidly, "about—"

"About yourself, Lady Irving. About your home, your sons, your life, and your amusements, for you must not think you can escape the glare of a titled existence."

Her ladyship nodded and led the way through the rose arch into the pretty cottage. And then I noticed how very tall she is. Taller, I should say, than Ellen Terry when she does Portia, and more slender than Terry's daughter, Mrs. Henry Irving is a woman of fine build, and the fact that though so tall she appeared like a woman of moderate height, as she glided before me, spoke of much grace. But her manner is what I should call "home grace," for there is not a suspicion of anything studied about her, nor a trace of the commonest of snobbishness. "My little establishment," said she, half-angry Mm. Carré walked into the room

mother, Mrs. Astor, had them all cradled here—even of them.

"But about their sand baths. They come down here every day at this time, and they are so much pleased with the beach, spread themselves out and take their siestas comfortably. The game is to sit as deep and as flat in the sand as possible without getting down where it is uncomfortable. Have your ready, the 'bloomers' she was some—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Mother, may I go out to bike?" "Yes, my darling daughter."

But when you reach the Schuylkill pike don't tumble in the water.

For if you do you'll get a fall, With a melancholy thud, And then yourself, your bike, and all, Will be a wad of mud.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The bloomers or the knickerbockers of the lady bicyclist of the period present a neat and tasteful appearance. To say that the wearers look like men is undoubtedly nonsense. The men who say so themselves disprove the assertion by the very fact that they denounce them and stand on the street corners, as too many of them do, keeling and sneering at them as they pass. If they looked like men, these cheer and noisy fellows would not waste a minute looking at them.—New York Recorder.

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whole cottage could be placed easily in the private suite of rooms of his town house.

The call was only an hour long, but during that time there were many pulls at the court-yard bell and I saw many ladies drive up and drive away, for Lady Irving is not a woman who would be so inconsiderate as to cut short a promised interview. That the calls were calls of congratulation I learned from the tokens and messages that lay scattered around, some of which were thrown into my lap by Lady Irving in answer to my question: "Have you been often congratulated upon your new title?"

"I have many friends," said she, "for my life, though a quiet one, is only so in comparison. I receive upward of ten callers a day and always drive out in the afternoon accompanied by one of my sons. They are men now and the eldest has taken to the stage. Do I approve? That I am not willing to answer. If, as a pre-



LADY HENRY IRVING.

fection, it brings honor, wealth, distinction, and happiness it is not for a weakling woman to clamor against it. "What do I go into the vortex of public life and allow myself to become accustomed to it? Ah, there you have touched a chord so tender that it breaks at a breath. Have you ever asked